

The Mirror

OF

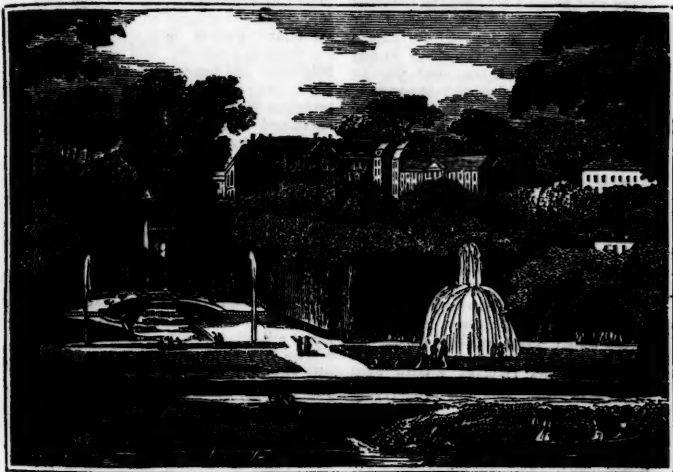
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XLV.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1823.

[PRICE 2d.]

Royal Palace of St. Cloud.



THE Royal Palace of St. Cloud, the country residence of the Monarchs of France, is situated on the banks of the river Seine, a short distance from Paris; the gardens of the Palace are planted on the same range of hills on which Sèvres and Meudon are seated, and slope in the form of an amphitheatre to the banks of the river.

In the time of the Kings of the Franks, St. Cloud was called Nogent, from Novigentum, or Novientum. It was a wild spot, and the first persons by whom it was inhabited had retired thither merely to withdraw themselves from the dominion of the Romans, who were already masters of Lutetia. Clododale, the grandson of Clovis, after renouncing the throne of his father Clodomir, selected this place for his retreat. He constructed roads, built a monastery, founded a community, and died here in the year 560. He was buried in the church which he erected, and to which, as well as to the village of Nogent, he gave his name.

The Palace of St. Cloud has often been the theatre of important events. In 1547, the body of Francis I., sur-

named the restorer of letters, was brought from Rambouillet, where he died, to St. Cloud, where it lay in state. On the 1st of August, 1569, Henry III., the last Prince of the race of Valois, was assassinated at St. Cloud, by Jaques Clement, a jacobin monk. In his last moments he ordered the Princes, Nobility, and Marshals, who surrounded him, to acknowledge Henry of Navarre as his successor, and here it was that Henry was proclaimed.

In the orangery of St. Cloud took place that revolution, which, on the 18th Brumaire, year 8 (Nov. 9, 1799), put an end to the Government Directory, and transferred the supreme authority to the hands of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The Palace of St. Cloud first became attached to the crown in 1658, when Cardinal de Mazarin was anxious to purchase a country residence for Monsieur, the King's brother. He observed at St. Cloud a beautiful building, delightfully situated, and belonging to a financier, who had expended upon it more than a million of livres. The Cardinal one day paid a visit to

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the proprietor, and observed that it was a magnificent mansion, and could not have cost less than twelve hundred thousand livres. The financier, somewhat disconcerted, and wishing to conceal the amount of his fortune, replied that it was not in his power to devote so large a sum to his pleasures. "Well then," replied the Cardinal, "it must have cost at least six hundred thousand francs." "Ah! Monseigneur, I am not rich enough to lay out so large a sum." "What, do you mean to say that this splendid chateau cost you no more than a hundred thousand crowns?" "No more, Monseigneur; with regularity one may perform miracles." Next day the Cardinal sent a hundred thousand crowns to the financier, with a message, informing him that the King desired to have the house, for the purpose of presenting it to the King, his brother.

The ancient chateau, and three private houses near it, were pulled down, and the Palace of St. Cloud erected by Monsieur: it has, however, been remarkable for the successive embellishments which it has received during the last hundred and fifty years. It belonged to the Orleans family until 1782, when it became the property of Queen Marie Antoinette. This Princess, who was very partial to the place, made considerable alterations and improvements. The buildings were repaired, and many judicious alterations made under the direction of Mauseard. Under the imperial government of Napoleon, large sums were expended on St. Cloud, to fit it for the reception of the Court, which frequently resided there.

The Palace, in its present state, consists of a centre and two wings, terminated by Pavilions; these buildings form a court, having a fore-court in front, in which there stands a spacious pavilion, looking towards the park, and joined to the Palace by a beautiful corridor. The Palace consists of a sub-basement, which encompasses the court, and supports a range of small Corinthian pilasters. The centre is adorned with four Corinthian columns, surmounted by an attic story, and a pediment supported by four statues, representing Strength, Prudence, Wealth, and War. Each wing is embellished with a pediment supported by Doric columns, and as is also each of the pavilions terminating the wings, which are adorned with eight allegorical statues. The principal front was designed by Gerard Mauseard. On the other

side, which looks into the park, the principal entrance is adorned with Doric columns, supporting a balcony on the level of the first floor.

The park contains twelve hundred acres; it was laid out with peculiar art by the celebrated Le Notre. The cascades and *jets d'eau* are worthy of particular notice, for their extent and happy arrangement. One of the latter, called, on account of its large size, the Giant, gushes forth with astonishing force and rapidity, and rises to the height of one hundred and twenty-five feet. No park displays so many picturesque situations and points of view combined with judgment. One of the most remarkable objects is the lantern of Diogenes, on the top of the hill opposite to the peristyle of the right wing of the Palace. This building, erected in 1801, is a kind of square tower, surmounted by an exact copy in *terra cotta* of the lantern of Diogenes at Athens, adorned with six fluted Corinthian columns. It commands a most agreeable and diversified view over the plain to the distance of more than thirty miles.

The Palace of St. Cloud is so happily situated, that Meudon and Bellevue appear to have been built merely to adorn the surrounding scenery. In the view with which we present our readers, this Palace is seen rising from the bosom of woods, crowning a remarkably fine *jet d'eau* that slopes down the hill surrounded with trees. Some of the avenues are particularly fine; that which overhangs the road by the river needs no praise, nor does it want the artificial aid of clipped trees to enhance its natural beauties.

INSCRIPTIONS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR—Rambling the other day, as is my custom, in the "sylvan shades" of Kensington Gardens, I amused myself with reading (or rather, I should say, deciphering) the various inscriptions, with which the vanity or poetical ability of the visitors had adorned the interior of the alcoves which hold out such tempting invitations to the wearied wanderer: my fancy pictured to me some Sunday-clad cockney taking refuge from the partial shower, who, while he saves his "last new coat" from the pattering rain, pencils on the wall a pathetic, if not poetical, tribute to the memory of her he loves.

Some amorous youth, whose trade was evidently connected with sassafras

and log-wood, had thus feelingly inscribed his flame :

"For my sweet girl I'll live and *dye*."

From among many others which claimed my attention, I copied the following distich, as portraying a deep and extensive observance of nature, mingled with an energy and pathos bordering on the sublime :

"Observe the bended *bow's* elastic matter spring,
And see the *whizzing* arrow leave the buzzing string.

"Gulielmo Prætio."

Immediately under which was written, in characters large enough to show that the vanity so much deprecated was equally the failing of the satirist :

"Here fools indite, and idiots write
Their visits to record ;
Their *jeu d'esprits* upon the trees,
With many an ill-spelt word.

"Ye silly elves ! go, spare yourselves,
Your pencils, and your time ;
At work, pell-mell, you may excel,
But never will in rhyme !"

In short, sir, if Addison derived a melancholy pleasure in visiting churchyards and reading cramp epitaphs, so may the curious observer of "many-coloured life" derive no small amusement from the perusal of these "short, yet simple," measures of the muse.

Yours, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

GARRICK'S CRITICAL DESCRIPTION OF HOGARTH'S "MARCH TO FINCHLEY."

In a Letter to Henry Fielding, Esq.

DEAR SIR—As you desire my sentiments on Mr. Hogarth's picture, I shall begin with pointing out what appears most defective. Its first and greatest fault then is its being too new, and having too great a resemblance to the objects it represents ; if this appears a paradox, you ought to take particular care of confessing it : this picture has yet too much of that lustre, of that despicable freshness which we discover in nature, and which is never seen in the celebrated cabinets of the curious. Time has not obscured it with that venerable smoke, that sacred cloud, which will one day conceal it from the prophane eyes of the vulgar, that its beauties may only be seen by those who are initiated into the mysteries of art : these are almost its only faults, and I am now going to give you an idea of

the subject, which is the march of some companies of foot guards to their rendezvous at Finchley Common, when sent against the Scots rebels who were advancing on that side. Mr. Hogarth, who lets no opportunity escape him of observing the picturesque scenes which numerous assemblies frequently furnish, has not failed to represent them on the spot where he has drawn the scene of his picture. This painter is remarkable for seeing a thousand little circumstances which escape the observation of the greatest part of the spectators, and it is a collection of a number of these circumstances which has composed, enriched, and diversified his work. The scene is placed at Tottenham Court, where, in a distant view, is seen a file of soldiers, marching in tolerable order up the hill : discipline is less observed in the principal design, but if you complain of this, I must ingenuously inform you that order and subordination belong only to slaves ; for what every where else is called licentiousness, assumes here the venerable name of liberty. A young grenadier, of a good mien, makes the principal figure in the first group : he is accompanied (or rather seized and beset) by two women, one of whom is a ballad-singer, and the other a news-hawker ; they are both with child, and claim this hero as the father ; and, except this circumstance, they have nothing in common, for their figures, their humours, their characters, appear extremely different ; they are even of opposite parties, for the one disposes of works in favour of the government, and the other against it. On the left hand of this group is a young officer embracing a milk-woman, but her greatest misfortune is, not her being hugged by a young cavalier, but in having one of her pails seized by a wag who pours her milk into his hat, while he is pretending to defend her ; near them is a pudding and pye man, who is mightily rejoiced at this roguery, while a soldier, who is sneering in his face, slyly steals the pies he carries upon his head : the humour of this group is greatly heightened by a chimney-sweeper's boy, who comes laughing to receive some of the milk into his hat, which he carries in his hand. On the right hand of the principal group is a Frenchman, who, to give him a more ridiculous appearance, is represented as a man of some importance ; he is speaking to a very odd person of some consideration, to whom he seems to be communicating the contents of some letters, relating

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to the event which is the cause of this march. Behind the Frenchman just mentioned, is seen an old sutler, who carries her child at her back, and is smoking a short pipe; and in the front, at a small distance, is a drummer, who by the noise of his drum seems to endeavour to stun all thoughts of the fate of his family, who seek in vain to soften him by taking a tender leave. One of the young pipers, whom the Duke of Cumberland has introduced into several regiments, joins his noise to that of the drum; and by the agreeable appearance of his little person, is a contrast to the rudeness of the objects who are near him.

There are in several parts of this excellent picture, objects that are, perhaps, more fit for painting than description; because in a picture we may see certain things, and at the same time feign not to see them; while a description of the same object would appear too determinate: one of this kind which I am going to mention is indeed very considerable. It is a soldier to whom a march to the Lock would be much more proper than one to Scotland; he is wounded by love, and in the extremity of his pain has the consolation of reading a certain quack-doctor's bill, famous for curing wounds of this kind; and while he decently enough turns his back to the spectators, a young woman at a window over his head, modestly hides her face. In another group, even with that of the drummer, is a soldier very drunk, to whom his comrade offers water, while a kind of sutler, with better success, presents him a glass of Geneva: a child she carries on her back, who seems to have been too much used to this pernicious liquor, endeavours to reach the glass. Near the last mentioned group a soldier is imperfectly discovered, playing with a young woman, who is mounted up to take down some linen that hangs on a line; the action with which she defends herself, raises a suspicion that the soldier carries things a little too far. This is transacted at the door of a public-house, which is three stories high, the windows of which are filled with women of pleasure, whose different state of fortune is pointed out by their dress, and all agreeably distinguished by the stories in which the painter has placed them; to one of these an officer is reaching a letter fastened to the point of his pike. Besides these, there are two men fighting, and several other objects which contribute to diversify

and heighten the humour of the whole. Trusting this feeble attempt to describe the transcendent merits of this masterly effort of our friend Hogarth's will in some measure afford satisfaction,

I am, my dear sir,
Yours, most truly,
DAVID GARRICK.

Jan. 20, 1751.

A WARNING TO ALL HARD-HEARTED MAIDENS.

MR. EDITOR,—Have pity on one of your admirers, and insert the following lines as a warning to all hard-hearted maidens. The lady they were addressed to is now living an awful memento of cruelty and despair. The writer, *Mister Green* (not of Tooley Street) has long (three weeks) since paid the debt of nature. I am, your obedient servant,

JOHN-SON.

To Miss M. CROP, — Street,
CRIPPLEGATE.

Oh, dearest maiden, Molly Crop,
How long I've lov'd thee dearly,
Thy beauteous form first made me stop
When business brought me to the shop
To buy your father's ginger pop;
It's ruin'd me, or nearly.

Oh, when you drew that glass of gin,
What draughts of love I then drew in;
I then was fat—I now am thin—

Oh, Molly!
My spirit's lost—bespoke my trade,
What havock in my heart you've made,
Of bailiffs—bums—I'm sore afraid
Of melancholy.

The cash I've spent—the pangs I've felt,
Should make thee, dearest Molly, melt;
Oh love why art thou cruel?
Beef-steaks no more have charms for me,
From mutton chops I turn—I flee,
And sigh o'er water gruel.

In flesh and blood once thirteen stone,
I'm now reduc'd to skin and bone,
To telling fibs I am not prone,
Believe me, Molly Crop.
By day I sigh—by night I meet
With horrid dreams of Whitecross-

street,
Of iron spikes—the Bench—the Fleet,
And Newgate-drop.

Soon will the icy hand of death,
By cord or bullet stop my breath,
And lay me under cover;
And then hard-hearted maid you'll
sigh,
To think that Billy Green should die,
And o'er my clay cold grave you'll cry,
Here lies the truest lover.

Now hear and tremble, cruel maid,
When under turf three days I've laid,
My grizzly ghost shall thee upbraid,
To thee alone beseen;
At half-past twelve down by thy side
I'll lay me close, thy screams deride,
And every night I'll claim the bride
Of William Green.

THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

(For the Mirror.)

This is the eighth month of the Julian year. It was called in the ancient Roman calendar *sextilis*, as being the sixth from March, from which the Romans began their computation. The Emperor Augustus changed the name, and gave it his own; not that it was the month in which he was born, which was September, and which was first proposed for bearing his name, but because it had been fortunate to him by several victories which he had gained in it. He preferred this month to September, for the reasons mentioned in the deliberations of the senate, preserved by Macrobius. The tenor of them is as follows: "As it was in the month, hitherto called *sextilis*, that the emperor, Caesar Augustus, took possession of his first consulship; that he celebrated three triumphs; that he received the oath of allegiance of the legions that occupied the janiculum; that he reduced Egypt under the power of the Roman people: that he put an end to all civil wars; it appears that this month is, and has been, a most happy month to this empire: the senate therefore ordains, that this month shall henceforth be called Augustus." This decree of the senate was ratified by an order of the people. Our Saxon ancestors called it *weod-monath*, i. e. *weed-month*, on account of the plenty of weeds in this season. This month is esteemed one of the richest in the whole year, because of the harvest of the several sorts of grain which is produced in that season. Hence is to be derived the French proverb, "*A man has made his August*," which proverb is much used among merchants, to signify that a man has been successful in trade, and got an estate. In this month, Dr. Aikin says "the gathering in of the harvest is a scene that addresses itself not so much to the eye as the heart; and the emotions that it gives birth to, are not so much those of delight and surprise, as the satisfactory termination of anxiety, and, in consequence, benevolence to man, and gratitude to the Being who fills our stores

with plenty, and our minds with gladness. And Thomson says,
"Be not too narrow husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh! grateful, think,
How good the God of harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields."

The rural feast of "*harvest home*" is an extremely natural one, and has been observed in almost all ages and countries. What can more gladden the heart than to see the long-expected products of the year, which have been the cause of so much anxiety, now safely housed and beyond the reach of injury.

"Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are stored,
And groaning saddles bend beneath their load." SOMERVILLE.

At this season the hop gardens make a most beautiful appearance. The uncultivated heaths and commons are now in their chief beauty, from the flowers of the different kinds of heath or ling, with which they are covered, so as to spread a rich purple hue over the whole ground. The fern tribe begin now to blossom, and afford, by their broad spreading leaves, a very acceptable shelter to various birds, as well as to more lowly and tender plants; and insects feed upon the sweet mucilage contained in their roots.

P. T. W.

GRAY.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—The following mournful ejaculation was found among the manuscript papers of our English Pindar, and is introduced (in a note) in Dr. Warton's edition of Pope, Vol. II. It is certainly a literary curiosity, as being the only specimen of Gray's excellence in amatory composition: (though by the bye, Mr. Editor, you are not fond of amatory poetry.)

"With beauty, with pleasure surrounded to languish,
To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish;
To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morning,
To close my dull eyes when I see it returning:

Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever
dejected,

Words that steal from my tongue, by
no meaning connected;

Ah! say, fellow-swains, how these
symptoms befel me?

They smile—but reply not—sure Delia
can tell me."

This little pensive strain has certainly much of that exquisite sensibility, that enthusiastic tenderness, which marks the productions of the melancholy though sublime Gray. The character of Jacques in the "As you Like It," of Shakspeare, I think, is remarkably similar to Mr. Gray's; the same sensibility, tremblingly alive to mournful images; the same disgust for the trifling monotonous beings who compose ordinary society; and the same passion for "lonely contemplation," and the awful dreariness of solitude. Mr. Mason has justly observed that his Odes breathe the high spirit of lyric enthusiasm; "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." In short, whether we contemplate the Pindaric simplicity of his "Bard," or the divine melancholy of his "Elegy," we are lost in a rapturous delirium of admiration.

J. S. WELV.

PAINTERS AND THEIR SUBJECTS.

The following shows a singular coincidence between the names of some celebrated Painters, and their subjects in former Exhibitions.

A view on the sea-coast, Sir W. Beechey.
Copy of Sir Joshua

Reynolds's Laughing Girl	- Smirke.
Poultry feeding	- Capon.
The Siege of Troy	- Teniers.
A Country Ball	- Danee.
The Riots of Covent Garden Theatre	- Opie.
Study of a skull	- Bone.
Game	- Bird.
Pigs	- Bacon.
Gathering Hemp	- Flaxman.
View near Windsor	- Eaton.
The unmerited correction	- Howard.
Moor Game	- Heath.
Portrait of myself	- Mee.
Knife Grinder	- Hone.
The Forge	- Ankersmith.
Burning Heretics	- Pope.
View on the Sea-coast	- Hastings.
Cats quarrelling	- Claude.
Cross-roads and Finger-post	- Guido.
Portrait of a Giant	- Bigg.
Portrait of a Man of Fashion	- Busk.

DEATH OF WOODHULL,

AN AMERICAN BALLAD.

General WOODHULL commanded the Suffolk County Militia in the battle of Long Island, in August, 1776, and is said to have been killed in that battle by a party of British dragoons, at the very moment when he offered to surrender himself a prisoner of war, because he refused to say "*God save the King.*" This event took place at Carpenter's, a public-house, about two miles beyond Jamaica, where he was stationed with his brigade, and where he was attacked and defeated.—There is a very aged woman, who was then the mistress of the house, and saw the tragical occurrence, still residing there, and in the habit of frequently telling the story to travellers, who occasionally stop for refreshments. By her, the following is supposed to have been spoken, and it perfectly corresponds with her usual narrative in every essential particular:

Stay! traveller, stay! and hear me tell
A gallant soldier's fate!

'Twas on this spot brave WOODHULL
fell!

Sad story to relate!

A stout brigade was his command,
Of SUFFOLK's sons compos'd;
Thus far he led his patriot band,
And here his life he clos'd!

That time Lord Howe, from Gravesend
Bay,

His banner bold advanc'd,
On that same dark and doubtful day,
In evil hour it chanc'd

That SUFFOLK's raw, new-levied force,
Surpris'd and overthrown,
By sudden charge of furious horse,
Took flight and left alone

Their Chief, expos'd on battle field,
Without a troop or guard,
For him to raise protecting shield
'Gainst Britain's vengeful sword!

He saw the desp'rate day was lost,
He saw himself betray'd;
Not one remain'd of all his host
To lend him needful aid!

Forthwith fierce horsemen, gath'ring
round,

Cut off all hope of flight;
And soon his single arm he found
With fearful odds must fight!

Fell twenty foes about his head
Their glittering sabres flung,
And down, on his uplifted blade,
Swift blows descending rung!

The Sketch Book.

No. IX.

THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

Much has been written, and more said, about the gentleman whose name we have prefixed to the present article; but, nevertheless, the subject is still not exhausted, and in the assured belief that it is not, do we venture to add a few words.

It is impossible not to regret the general *illiberality* with which Mr. Irving has been from almost every quarter assailed; it is unfair, even although he *has* in some measure provoked it, uncourteous, because he is a stranger among us, and his object, moreover, is to be instrumental in doing good; his natural defects in appearance have even been scanned with a bitterness of ill-placed satire, which can never weigh for an instant, with the well-meaning and judicious. Laying aside, therefore, all feelings either of prejudice or partiality, we shall proceed without further preliminary to a few remarks upon him, both as an orator and as an author, and let us, in the name of right feeling and good sense, do so, without forgetting the respect due to Mr. Irving, as a preacher of the gospel, or the charity inculcated by that gospel he professes to preach.

We went one Sunday afternoon to a chapel at the beautiful West-end, to hear this gentleman, before his full tide of popularity had burst in upon him; the congregation was sufficiently slender, and there was quietness, with good order (as there ever should be in church or chapel) prevailing. Whispers had reached us that we should both hear and behold something unusual, and we were prepared accordingly. After a brief time had elapsed, there did ascend the pulpit, a tall and rather gaunt figure, embodying the idea one usually forms of the "desert Eremites" of old, or of the persecuted Cameronians, among whom, there *were*, in truth, some much more goodly specimens than the Habakkuk Mucklewraths and Ephraim Macbriars of "Old Mortality." The lithographic portrait just published, cannot be commended much—it does not give a favourable idea of him—the head is too much encumbered with hair, and the features too minute and compressed, but we must leave the question, whether he is well favoured or not, to be discussed by the ladies, and doubtless they will settle it to their own satisfaction.

But soon he ceas'd such fruitless strife,
And now for quarter cried,
Yet vainly begg'd a prisoner's life,
For thus the foe replied:

"Who will not say 'God save the King,

No mercy here shall find;
These are the terms from GEORGE we bring;

Art thou to these inclin'd?

"If thou wilt straight pronounce these words,

We grant thy traitor's prayer,
And, peaceful sheath'd, our loyal swords
Thy rebel life shall spare!

"But if this offer thou refuse,
Thy doom is instant death;
Then speak! thy life to save or lose!
It hangs on thy next breath!"

The Chief, indignant, answering, spake,
"Your mercy then I spurn,
On such base terms my life to take,
Proud haughty foe I scorn!

"I freely say 'God save us all,'
Those words include your King;
If more ye ask, then must I fall,
Nought else from me ye'll wring!"

"No! rebel, no! 'tis not enough,"
On ev'ry side he heard;

"And since thou art such stubborn stuff,

Lo! thus we keep our word!"

Then straightway, show'ring thick as hail,

Their cruel blows they dealt,
Their countless weapons fiercely fell,
And many an edge he felt!

Yet still he held his trusty sword
Uprais'd above his head,
And feebly strove his life to guard
While he profusely bled!

"God save the King," the horsemen said,

At every stroke they gave;
"God save us all," he faintly cried,
"And me, a sinner save!"

Till gash'd with many a gaping wound,
At length they smote him dead,
And, prostrate stretch'd upon the ground,

His generous spirit fled!

A more heroic, gallant end,
No age nor clime can boast;
Yet History ne'er the tale hath penn'd,
And but for me 'twere lost!

Had he thus died for ancient Rome,
His now forgotten name,
By poets' page, and sculptured tomb,
Had well been known to Fame!

The prayer which preceded Mr. Irving's sermon was excellent, and delivered in that subdued tone, and with that reverential feeling which cannot be too much praised. It is appalling to mark the *audacity* in which some indulge, and the indifference which is apparent in other ministers of religion, when they address the Deity. All the world knows that the form of worship in the Scottish Established Kirk, is extremely simple; accordingly, after an extemporaneous prayer, a few verses of a psalm were sung, and the sermon, or *oration*, (if Mr. I. like the phrase better) immediately followed. Truly our attention was seldom more riveted upon any similar occasion than on this; the address, upon the whole, was scriptural, beautiful, impressive, and many passages of powerful eloquence, and highly wrought feeling, startled us by their unusual energy. In the mode too of accosting his audience, Mr. Irving was often very fortunate: you could not accuse him of mincing matters—could not charge him with speaking, *because* he was *professionally* there, to speak upon a given subject: no, he evidently *felt* what he uttered, and spoke under a deep conviction of the truth and importance of the message with which he was charged. We meddle not with his doctrinal views, though, if we rightly understand them, they were not foreign to the source from which he professed to derive them. So far, all is well, but proceed we now, after thus lauding, to the less gracious task of finding fault. Nothing can be easier than to do this in most cases; and there is a spirit of "captious cavillation" in man, that too often leads him to delight in even going out of his way to traverse the rugged path of criticism: this is to be lamented, but really, no one can hear the Rev. Gentleman whose claims to public attention we are now considering, without observing that his defects are many, gross, and glaring. Our remarks are made in the spirit of candour, and we wish that it were in our power "to twitch him by the sleeve," and for his own sake and the public's, draw his attention to them. It was our lot to return home, lamenting that so much fine feeling, sound argument, and real eloquence, as were certainly exhibited, should be degraded and stunted in their effects by affectation and conceit, for we can use no milder terms—the antiquated phraseology, the quirks and quaintnesses, and the strainings after *originality* of style, were such as to

excite an involuntary smile at them, and a consciousness of pily, for the paltry weakness which could induce a reasonable man to practice them. Delighted with a fine passage, a well-sustained flight of imagination, we ascended with him, only to be struck rudely down by some coarse expression or grievous violation of good taste; this was not once in a way, but often. His action in the pulpit was not unfrequently, if possible, more egregious than his style of composition; the clenched hands, the theatrical grimace, the unnatural, forced postures of body, are not suited to the orator in any circumstances, but much less can they be tolerated in the ambassador of Christ; they are more to the world's eye, like the tricks of an interested mountebank, than the result of zeal for the good cause.

We have been privileged to hear preachers of deserved and acknowledged celebrity: we have heard such men as Chalmers, Pitman, Harness, Vernon, and others, whose names might be mentioned with pleasure and profit, and it is our desire to hear them repeatedly again: their simple, yet beautiful exposition of the Christian Faith—its advantages in this present world—its efficacy to cheer in the saddest hours of human sorrow—its rainbow of brightest hue, extending over the darksome narrow house—the golden soil of the believer's heritage to which it points,

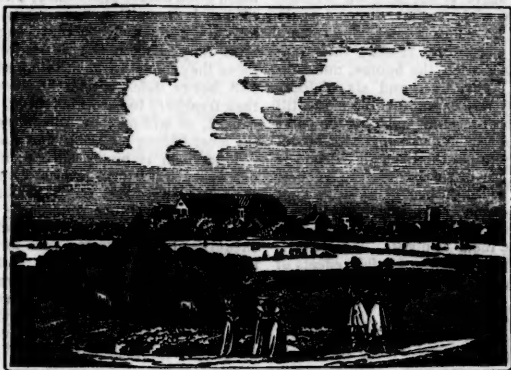
Where the quiet waters sleep
Round the sunny isles of bliss:

We have listened to them till our heart has indeed burned within us; and it is our firm conviction, that if Mr. Irving would take a few leaves out of *their* books, instead of condemning almost all of them *unheard*, he would become thereby a more eminently useful man, and a more powerfully talented advocate of the cause, we are sure he wishes to serve.

Now a very few words of him, as an author, and we have done:

The "Orations for the Oracles of God, and the Argument for Judgment to come," form a comely well printed octavo. Many fine passages—vivid imagination—strong and clear reasoning—are certainly to be found in it. The volume, however, abounds with Mr. Irving's besetting sins—egotism, affectation, and overweening self-conceit; and we will venture to predict, that ere long, no one will so much regret that it ever was published in its present state, as its author.

EDGAR.

Tothill-Fields in the Seventeenth Century.

Tothill-Fields, though now sunk into comparative insignificance, was once a place of considerable importance. In the year 1256, John Mansel, Priest and King's Counsel, gave a grand entertainment at his house in Tothill-Fields, to Henry III. and his Queen, the King and Queen of Scotland, Prince Edward, a great number of the nobility, several Knights, the Bishop of London, and many of the citizens. The number of guests is stated to have been so great, that the mansion was too small for their reception, and he was compelled to provide tents and pavilions. Upwards of seven hundred messes of meat were served up to the company.

Our engraving represents Tothill-Fields during the great plague of 1665, when several houses, which stood apart from the rest, were appropriated as pest-houses. During the civil wars of Charles I. a fort was erected in Tothill-

Fields, consisting of a battery and breast-work.

A fair for pleasure was annually held in Tothill-Fields. It was granted by Henry III. to the Abbot and Canons of Westminster, and was formerly called the Fair of St. Magdalen. It was regularly continued until within the last year.

There are several alms-houses in the neighbourhood of Tothill-Fields, particularly Emanuel Hospital, in James-street, generally called Lady Anne Dacre's Alms-houses, founded in the year 1601. Mr. Whitcher's alms-houses in Tothill-Fields, founded in 1683.—Twelve alms-houses founded by the Rev. James Palmer, D. D. in 1654. Emery Hill's alms-houses in Rochester-row, and Lady Alley's alms-houses in King-street. In our next we shall give some further particulars relating to Tothill-Fields.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

NOTES ON A VOYAGE IN THE HINDOSTAN CONVICT-SHIP TO NEW SOUTH WALES IN 1821.

The usual routine of a day during the passage, within the tropics, is as follows:—About six o'clock in the morning they were roused from bed, sometimes a little after, and, their bed-clothes being rolled up, the greater part went on deck to their usual rendezvous on the booms, that is, the space between the main and fore masts; while

others put the place in order for breakfast, at which they all assembled precisely at eight o'clock. The time allowed for this meal is half an hour, or three quarters, according to circumstances. When finished, they are again ordered to the booms, while the main process of the purification of the prison begins, by scrubbing, swabbing, washing, and additional ventilation, with the further comfort in moist weather, or when the decks are thoroughly washed, of a large stove, which, by means of an extensive range of iron funnel, carries the heat into

every corner. Every day is the same assiduous cleanliness practised, except that the stove is not so often wanted. At twelve o'clock they descend again from the booms to dinner, and remain till one, when they resume their station as before on the booms, and continue till four, five, and six o'clock, when they re-descend for the night, till the return of morning calls for the same course of humane superintendence. Thus they are in the open air during the whole of the day whenever the weather permits; while the prison, by being kept empty, becomes cool, is preserved perfectly clean, and has a pure atmosphere to receive them at night. The latter is an essential benefit, the full effects of which are not so much known in our shipping as they ought. Men-of-war, indeed, commonly know and practise the plan of keeping the 'tween-decks, where the crew sleep, clear of incumbrance in the day-time; but even with them the custom is not universal. To many of the convicts, this constant airing was an exercise with which they would gladly have dispensed. Some, indeed, considered it a punishment. Indolent from nature and from habit, they would not perhaps have stirred once in a week from the prison, had they not been compelled to do so; and many would feign excuses in order to accomplish their own scheme of comfort and ease. Many of these unhappy people care not for their lives, and others cannot understand the true nature of the precautions taken to preserve them.

It may be imagined by many, that it was running considerable risk to admit them all on deck at once; but, with very moderate precaution, there is no cause whatever for apprehension. The quarter-deck, where the officers remain, is separated from the *waist*, or booms, by a very strong barricade, five feet high, with a thick netting, extending two feet higher, on the top of it. A door on each side, through the bulwark, leads forward for the seamen who have occasion to pass; but with this the convicts have no business, and never approach it without permission. Any thing like a sudden rush is therefore prevented. Independent of this, they have neither arms nor indeed inclination for such an enterprise; while the guard and seamen are of course upon the alert, provided with every advantage to resist any thing like insubordination or tumult. With a moderate admixture of vigilance and kindness,

nothing need be feared: firmness, however, is absolutely necessary; for too much good nature or leniency, where an offence is committed, is instantly taken advantage of; and it is surprising how soon they discern the dispositions of those they have to deal with. But, a still better defence than all these, is their treachery toward each other. They cannot, or will not, be faithful even in the most trifling matters; and a spy in the garrison is pretty sure of finding out every thing that passes within it. On great occasions, the hopes of pardon and reward are necessarily irresistible. While on deck, we always encouraged their sports; such as singing, wrestling, single-stick, and any thing else they wished, within reasonable bounds. To see them enter heartily into such amusements, is gratifying to considerate minds, and a pretty good proof that there is no mischief going on.

Prayers were regularly read by the surgeon every Sunday, and attended with due decorum, and in some instances with seeming interest, by our offending cargo: but I am afraid there were among these several hypocrites; one at least we detected in pilfering spirits, by the exertion of more than usual ingenuity.

A school was also established, for the instruction of the boys: a convict, recommended from the prison for better conduct than usual, taught them; and was not incompetent to the task. Several adults, desirous of being instructed, likewise attended: the whole, indeed, were much in need of it, had they been willing; for I never before saw such an assemblage of the people of our country so ignorant—scarcely one out of the whole being able to write legibly. This, however, is an uncommon occurrence, particularly among the convicts of the metropolis; many of the ships contain numbers possessed of superior information and talent, had these been turned to honest account. Our doctor, who, as I have remarked, has made this journey three times, and consequently enjoyed no little experience, told me he had once a more than usually respectable cargo: an officer of dragoons, for making free with the portmanteau of two foreign noblemen (N.B. *No tricks upon travellers*); a midshipman of the navy, for not comprehending the precise difference between *meum* and *tuum*; an attorney, for administering unlawful oaths; a clerk of a large house in London, for pocketing some of

his employer's money; several dandy shopmen, apprentices, and attorneys' clerks; with *gentlemen* pickpockets *ad libitum*. Some of their adventures were not a little amusing. I advised the doctor to try his hand upon a book, with these *vicissitudes of genius* for the theme: "*Memoirs of a Convict-Ship*" would be an original and taking title.

The itch for thieving among them is wholly unconquerable. They steal from each other, or from any one else, almost every thing they can, without inquiring whether it is worth the trouble, whether they can make use of it, or whether they want it. On the least probability of detection, it is thrown overboard. Continual complaints of these thefts were made, and several punishments inflicted in consequence; but without effect in preventing their repetition. Another mode of raising the wind, made it almost a matter of risk or obloquy to do them an act of kindness. Several, who had a little money on coming on board, deposited it for safety in the hands of some of the officers, till the termination of the voyage; but two fellows, who really had none, hit upon the expedient of boldly demanding from one of the mates the sum (10*l.*) they had given into his charge; and, when threatened to be thrashed for their impudence, resolutely complained to the surgeon of their money being withheld. An inquiry took place: one fellow said he had deposited the money, the other that he had seen it so deposited; and in a court of law the poor mate would probably have been compelled to disburse. But we manage these things better at sea. The presumption being against the complainants, and some other suspicious circumstances arising, the doctor, who had probably not much troubled Coke upon Lyttleton, confined them separately on the poop, under the charge of sentinels, for the greater part of the day; when at length, the accomplice becoming weary of his situation, and finding no profit likely to accrue from it, in the cant language *split*, and acknowledged the imposition: when the principal got repaid—with the cat-o'-nine-tails.

Another species of depredation threatened still more serious consequences.—When we had been at sea about six weeks, it was discovered that several of the convicts were intoxicated, and quarrelled among themselves, for some days in succession; and, notwithstanding a minute examination, and the utmost exertion of vigilance, no clue could

be found to point out how this could be accomplished, every care being exerted to keep spirits out of their reach. Suspicious fell upon the steward, and upon others; the keys were taken from them, and liquors, taken out for other purposes, carefully put under other superintendence: but, to the general surprise, the drunkenness continued. At length a *snab*—that is, a large bunch of picked cordage, used to dry up moisture from the decks, the same as a mop in a house—was observed for several days to remain in one spot in the boy's prison; and, on being removed, the deck, three inches thick, was found cut through large enough to admit a boy, who, being thus lowered into the hold, broached a cask of rum, and had drawn off, as it appeared on examination, thirty-five gallons. These ingenious thieves were of course duly rewarded for their industry.

Sometimes they become sulky, impatient, and intractable; insulting those whom they cannot otherwise assail. One of the officers, who had been particularly attentive to their comforts, found himself more than once indirectly jostled and obstructed in passing through the prison, from a mere spirit of wantonness; and at length one evening, when nearly dusk, and being unaccompanied, received a volley of bones, from the day's dinner, at his head. Pretty certain of the quarter whence they came, he sprang at the offender, and collared him, calling for assistance. An attempt was made at a rescue and hustle, and he would have fared ill, had not some of the guard promptly arrived: the fellow was smartly punished; and the resolution displayed by the assailed in securing him, inspired an awe that prevented any future interruption.

The voyage, which was on the whole fine, except now and then a gale, occupied something more than seventeen weeks. Madeira, and the Islands of St. Paul and Amsterdam, in the Southern Indian Ocean, were the only lands seen till we made the entrance to Bass's Straits. On the left hand, or New Holland shore, appeared Cape Otway, Wilson's Promontory, Cape Dromedary, Rondeau's, and Curtis's, and Kent's, groupes of islands; after weathering the latter of which, you are clear of the straits, and may then safely shape a course direct for Port Jackson. To the right lay King's Island, and many others; only one group of which, named Furneaux's, was visible from the ship. The first sight of approach-

ing our destination was Macquarrie light-house, discernible forty miles distant at sea, which has a revolving light, to distinguish it from the numerous fires along the coast at night, lighted by the natives, and which have frequently misled shipping as to their relative position. The tower which supports it stands on the most elevated part of the south head, or left-hand entrance; is ninety feet high, and was erected by the governor whose name it bears.—The appearance of the coast in the vicinity resembles that near Dover in steepness and abruptness, but differs from it in being of a reddish colour. On entering the harbour, the view, which without is bleak and dreary, instantly changes. It is strewn with innumerable small islands, green and pleasant to the eye; the land of the main slopes gradually to the water's edge, with several coves of small bays, and on the left-hand side are seen some pleasant houses; one the pilot-house; one named Vaucluse, formerly the residence of Sir Henry Brown Hayes; one Capt. Piper's marine villa, beside others whose names and owners I do not recollect.

The distance from the heads or entrance to Sydney Cove, the usual anchorage, is about seven miles, situated on the south side of the harbour, and of course, from the name, bordering the town. Much of this extensive harbour, particularly on the north side, along with many of the islands, are little known but to sportsmen and casual visitors; North Harbour is rugged on both sides, the banks composed chiefly of sand-stone, and ready apparently to fall to pieces. Our "live lumber" viewed the scene of their future abode with no small anxiety; many, I believe, with hope, and a desire to endeavour to do better than "in times past."—*Monthly Magazine.*

THE DREAMS OF LIFE.

All men are dreamers; from the hour
When Reason first exerts its power,
Unmindful of its bitter sting,
To some deceiving hope we cling—

That Hope's a Dream!

The brazen trumpet's clangour gives
The joy on which the Warrior lives;
And at his injured Country's call,
He leaves his home, his friends, his
all—

For Glory's Dream!

The Lover hangs on some bright eye,
And dreams of bliss in every sigh;
But brightest eyes are deep in guile,
And he who trusts their fickle smile—

Trusts in a Dream!

The Poet, Nature's darling child,
By Fame's all dazzling star beguiled;
Sings Love's alternate hope and fear,
Paints visions which his heart holds
dear—

And thus he Dreams!

And there are those who build their
joys,
On proud Ambition's gilded toys,
Who fain would climb the craggy
height,
Where power displays its splendid
light—

But Dreaming fall!

Whilst others, 'midst the giddy throng
Of Pleasure's victims, sweep along;
Till feelings damp'd, and satiate hearts,
Too worn to feel when bliss departs—

Prove all a Dream!

And when that chilly call of fear,
Death's mandate hurries in the ear;
We find, would we retrace the past,
E'en Life at best, now fading fast—

Is all a Dream!

New European Magazine.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

COOKING FOR A PLAIN FAMILY.

Fat Moll, the Cook, who had a certain
spice

Of humour in her, even though out
of place,

By advertising gave the town advice

That she was willing to renew her
race,

And roast, and boll, and bake, and stew,
and sweat, and pant,

For any regular family in want!

Now Mistress Mugg, whose features
grim and droll,

Were imag'd in her children and her
spouse,

To take her place invited monstrous
Moll,

Who cried, while wondering at the
ill-look'd house,

"For Ordinary or for Pleasure I'd toil
'tis true,

But stew me if I'll cook for such an
ugly crew!"

DR. KITCHINER.

MAIMING NOT MURDER.

A man of small sense
Once made his defence

On a trial, with seeming pomposity;
But prov'd pretty well,
He knew not how to spell,
For he made use of *this* word—"curo-
sity!"

Either Denman or Chitty,
(Both equally witty),
"How he murders the language!" did
cry out;
"Tis not murder (said Best),
It must be confess'd,
But merely the knocking an *i* out!"

TULIPS AND ROSES.

My Rosa, from the latticed grove,
Brought me a sweet bouquet of posies,
And ask'd, as round my neck she clung,
If *tulips* I preferred to *roses*?
"I cannot tell, sweet wife," I sighed,
"But kiss me ere I see the posies;"
She did, "Oh I prefer," I cried,
"Thy two lips to a dozen roses." ++

CHARITY.

It is the duty of a man
To bless his greatest foe.
And shield the arm that late was raised
To work his direst woe.
Just so the scented sandal tree,
In all its pride and bloom,
Sheds on the axe that lays it low,
A sweet and rich perfume. ++

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF
ROBERT BLOOMFIELD,

*Who died at Shefford, in Bedford-
shire, on the 19th instant, in the
57th year of his age.*

How solemnly, how slowly tolls
The knell of death—its sounds of
gloom
Too plainly tells us that it rolls,
An awful passport to the tomb.

Mourn, mourn, ye Muses! once again,
For death is heralding away
Another of your tuneful train.
To realms of bliss and endless day.

There, there, to strike his hallowed
lyre,
With all the countless sons of song;
While we, alas! no more must hear
The melting music of his tongue.

*All shall lament thee, Nature's bard—
All who can rural themes enjoy;
And testify their fond regard,
In weeping with the "Farmer's
Boy."*

The rustic and untutor'd "Giles,"
Nurtur'd and train'd in Nature's
schools,
Whose face, adorned with honest smiles,
Laughs at and scorns improvements
rules.

Shall check his glee, as in the vale
He reaps creation's golden store,
And scarce believe the doleful tale—
His darling minstrel is no more.

The tear shall start in "*Walter's*"
eye,
And *Jane*, alas! shall vainly weep;
Phæbe and *George* no more be gay,
Ev'n aged *Richard's* mirth shall
sleep.

For he is gone who call'd them forth,
His *name* is all we now possess;
Death came and claim'd him of our
earth.

With all his stern relentlessness.
Time show'd his glass—the sands run
down,
Spoke in a language far too plain;
He pointed to "its conic crown,"
But would not "turn it up again."

Let Nature then descend in showers,
To water what she could not save,
And nourish *wild* and *rural flowers*,
To decorate her Poet's grave.

DELTA.

ANTIQUE BACCHANALIAN
VASE,

*In the Possession of the Right Hon.
the Earl of Warwick.*

This magnificent relic of antiquity is
of alabaster, and the largest, it is be-
lieved, that has been discovered in
modern times. It holds 163 gallons,
and rests on a foot. The handles are
interwoven, and the upper margin is
adorned with a border of vine branches
and grapes. Under this is a lion's
skin, with the feet between three masks,
the uppermost of which is between a
crooked stick, lituus and thyrsus. On
the modern pedestal is the following
inscription:

Hoc pristinae artis
Romaneque magnificentiae monumen-
tum,

Ruderibus Villae Tibertinae
Hadriano Aug. in deliciis habita-
effossum

Restitui curavit

Eques Gulielmus Hamilton
A Georgio III Mag. Brit. Rege.
Ad Sicil. Regem Ferdinandum IV.
Legatus;

Et in Patriam Transmissum
Patrio bonarum artium genio dicavit
Au ac N. CIC DCCLXXIV.

From which we learn, that having been found in the ruins of Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli, it was brought over to England by Sir Wm. Hamilton, his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Naples, and by him presented to the Earl of Warwick.

It was at first placed on a grass plat before the Castle, but was afterwards transferred to a beautiful green-house, built on purpose for its reception.

Being discovered in pieces, an artist at Rome formed a mass of clay, of its shape and dimensions, and fixing the pieces together by adhesion to the clay, united them afterwards more formally, and supplied the deficient masks.

Other accounts state, however, that a new mask is the only reparation that this noble morceau of ancient art has undergone; and this would seem best to agree with the notice originally transmitted to England, and inserted in the newspapers at the time of its discovery, which stated, that "it was found almost entire," about the middle of June, 1777. ANTIQUARIUS.

Useful Domestic Hints.

Useful Recipe for effectually taking out Spots of Ink from Linen.

—Take a piece of mould candle (the tallow of which is commonly of the finest kind), melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen in the melted tallow, then put it to the wash. It will come perfectly white from the hands of the laundress, and there will never be any hole in the spotted part. This experiment has been tried, and found superior to salt of lemons, or spirits of salts, which often destroy the linen.

Raw Cotton a Remedy for Burns and Scalds.—The Baltimore Medical and Philosophical Lyceum contains an account of an accidental discovery of this virtue in cotton by the wife of Capt. R—, who, in a fright, caught up a large bundle of cotton, and applied it over the whole of the scalded parts of a beloved child, upon whom a large kettle of boiling water had fallen while she was standing before a kitchen fire. Soon after this, the tortured and screaming infant became perfectly quiet, and fell into a gentle and easy slumber. The cotton was suffered to remain on several hours, and when it was removed, there was not the least appearance of inflammation remaining. Several other persons, who at first had no faith in this remedy, have also tried it in similar cases; it is likewise supposed to have

some efficacy in removing rheumatic pains.

Wall Fruit.—On the principle that *black absorbs heat without reflecting it*, it is ascertained that all walls, against which fruit trees are trained, should be made as dark coloured as possible, and for which purpose the Cambrian black is best calculated.

Transparent Faces for Clocks.—

The white or vacant spaces, which are enamelled in common dials, are made transparent; so that they can be illuminated during the night by lights placed in the interior. The figures, and all the other external parts, are filed to an angle, so that they shall not cast a shade in the oblique directions of the sight. Two circles, the one exterior, the other interior, have two grooves behind for receiving two thicknesses of glass, formed of several pieces, the parts of which are joined together with cement behind the strips or little rods that form the figures: thus the joinings are not visible outside. Between the two glasses is a piece of white cloth, which, completely enclosed by the cement, cannot be altered by time. To illuminate the transparent parts, first let the dial be fixed by its outer circle in a hole, made to fit it in the wall; then, in the interval between the dial and the movement, make a moveable enclosure, carrying one or more reflectors, according to the size of the dial, opposite to one another, in order that the rod may not cast a shadow: a pipe is placed above the lights, to convey away the smoke and vapour of the oil. The hands should be varnished black, that they may appear of the same colour by day and by night. The form of the box enclosing the movement is a globe proportioned to the size of the dial. The movement is carried by the dial, in order to have but one focus of the light; and then the centre of the dial remains opaque, and is varnished white for the day-light. The light is fixed to a door made in the globe, diametrically opposite to the centre of the dial, and a reflector is attached to the same door.

Cure for the Rheumatism.—The following is said to be an excellent remedy for rheumatism; the ingredients are very cheap, and may be obtained in any town:—Ethereal spirit of turpentine, half an ounce; compound tincture of aloes, one ounce; sal-volatile, half an ounce. Shake well before using: fifty drops to be taken every night and morning, in a wine glass of luke-warm water. Many very bad cases have been cured by these drops.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—WOTTON.

EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHS.

If the Editor of the *Mirror* should think the following extracts from my scrap-book proper for his amusing publication, they are very much at his service, and will be followed by others as I can find leisure to communicate them.

AFTER-MATH.

Copied from a Window, at an Inn in Wales.

Nov. 23d, 1800, Mr. B. stopped the night.

In Scripture we're told,
That Joshua of old,
Stopt the day while he thrashed the
Philistines;

Mr. B. stopped the night!

And put Wales in a fright,
While he staid—to refresh his intestines.

EPIGRAM.

Cries Numps to Will, a friend of Dick's,
"Zounds, Sir, don't stare at me."
Quoth Richard, "Peace! he's apt to fix
His eye on vacancy."

The following epigram was written above sixty years ago, on a shabby country pettifogger, long since dead:

On Benjamin Stokes, an Attorney.

When Ben first squeaked, two veterans
of the law
Stood sponsors, and his future fame
foresaw.

Rightly conceiving lustre would be
thrown

Upon his name, each wished to give
his own.

"His name is Stiles," says one—"You
lie," cries t'other,

"His name is Nokes."—"Stiles, I
say, d—me brother."

"Dear friends, compound the matter,"
says the devil,

"I'll fit you both, provided you are
civil;

My right to interfere from hence you'll
gather,

You're but his uncles, Sirs, but I'm
his father.

Take part of Stiles, and part of Nokes,
And call the happy composition—
STOKES."

Epitaph on James Straw, an Attorney.

Hic jacet Jacobus Straw,

Who forty years, Sir, followed the law,
And when he died

The Devil cried,

"Jemmy, gie's your paw."

The three following epitaphs were copied, very recently, from grave-stones now standing in Uttoxeter Church-yard. The first is by a watch-maker (who, I understand, was fond of good ale) on himself. The second I think simply elegant, and, for aught I know, it is new:

Here lies one who strove to equal
time!

A task too hard, each power too sub-
lime.

Time stopt his motion, o'erthrew his
balance wheel,

Wore off his pivots, though made of
harden'd steel;

Broke all his springs, the verge of life
decay'd,

And now he is as though he'd ne'er
been made.

Not for the want of oiling—that he
tried,

If that had done—why then he ne'er
had died.

II.

If upright souls on earth in Heaven
are blest,

Then the deceased enjoys eternal rest:
For truth and justice did his actions
guide,

He liv'd below'd, and much lamented
died.

III.

Three loving brothers doth lie buried
here,

That lov'd each other from their cradle
dear,

But found the world a city full of crook-
ed streets,

And death the market-place where all
men meet.

If life was merchandize, that men could
buy,

The rich would live for ever, and the
poor must die.

SINGULAR FACT.—It is a remarkable but well authenticated fact, that Home wrote his tragedy of *Douglas*. Dr. Blair composed his *Lectures*, and Dr. Robertson compiled his *History of Charles the Fifth*, in the same house, a small white cottage, still to be seen in one of the Parks, Burnisford Links, in Scotland.

CONJUGAL OPINIONS.

"Yon ass brays loud," said Tom to
Sue,

"Like your relations, wife;"

"Dear Tom," she cried, "I own 'tis
true,

By marriage, on my life."

FORTUNATE STARS.

"My stars!" cried a courtier, with stars and lace twirl'd,
 "What homage we nobles command in the world!"
 "True, my Lord," said a wag, "tho' the world has its jars,
Some people owe much to their fortunate stars!"

BARTLEMAN.—The sale of this celebrated musician's music began on the 20th February, 1822, and continued eight days. It consisted of 1480 lots, and produced only 1,400*l.*, although collected at a considerable expense.

LETTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH TO THE BISHOP OF ELY.—Proud prelate, I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement: but I would have you know that I who made you what you are, can unmake you, and if you do not forthwith fulfill your engagement, by — I will immediately unfrock you. Yours, as you demean yourself,
 ELIZABETH.

IMPROPTU

On a Lottery-Office Advertisement, entitled, "A New Road to Riches."
 Tho' your "New Road to Riches" quite smooth may appear,
 Yet the turnpikes, believe me, are devilish dear.

A poor but sturdy author, once presented a book to James the Second, in the great chamber, at Whitehall, as he passed from the Chapel, but omitted the usual ceremony of kneeling to the King. The Duke of Richmond, who was in attendance, said, "Sir, where did you learn the manners not to kneel?" The author replied, "If it please your Grace, I do give now; but when I come to beg any thing, then will I kneel."

TAXATION IN AFRICA.—The manner in which taxes are imposed by an African Prince is somewhat singular. The King of Congo sometimes walks out on a day when there is a high wind. He then puts his bonnet over one ear only, and when it is blown off by the wind, he imposes a tax on those subjects who live in the quarter from which the wind blew.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. T. W., Veritas, Q., Lucius, and Edgar in our next.

A much-neglected Correspondent,

Lacy Williams, shall have a place in our next, if possible.

We fear the narrative of J. J. K. is not of sufficient general interest.

The following communications are accepted, S. J., T. C., T. H. Y., Jacobus, and G. Di—ly.

We cannot pledge ourselves to the insertion of a series of articles on the subject promised by Beta.

N. K. Q., jun. is right. Murmur and Blunt are not in our line.

We are sorry that we cannot meet the views of G. K. W. His communication awaits his further orders.

The following have been received, G. D., J. P.—I, F. Hall, Aliquis, W. Fisher, H. J. S., F. G., F. B., F. H., Lucius, and R. W.

Enigmas, Rebuses, and Charades are inadmissible.

We thank J. M. for his compliment, and Omicron for his advice.

Kion and F. R—y are not forgotten. The hint of Paulicus shall be attended to, and we shall feel much obliged by the promised information.

We will try to make room for Zetus and H. Hall.

T. Taylor shall have a niche in the MIRROR, if it be but in an Epigram.

Will "Pro bono Speculi" mention the articles to which he alludes?

The effusion of T. Morgan, Granger, F. O. Byron, and H. T.'s letter has already appeared in the MIRROR.

We thank Clio, but doubt whether his favour is worth reprinting. E. R. and Mr. T. Haynes also have our thanks.

We have received several Odes to the Patriots of Spain—Query, Has Spain any Patriots?

We despair of pleasing C. D.: but why not write to Tom Campbell, the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, who is the real offender.

John Bull must know that although we hope to please all classes of his Majesty's liege subjects in turn, yet we do not expect that they shall be agreed on every article we insert.

Though anxious to keep peace with our Correspondents, we fear some are yet unnoticed. To such we apologize, as we do to Procurator and Allegoricus for having mislaid their favours.

Errata, p. 189, col. 1, l. 41, for 1489, read 1389; p. 224, col. 1, l. 22 from bottom, for 'tones' read 'tomes'; l. 12, for 'in' read 'into.'

Published by J. LIMBIRD, 355, Strand, (East end of Exeter Change); and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers. Printed by T. POLBY, 299, Strand